

EARLY MORNING SCENE AT THE IMPROVISED FLOWER MARKET, UNION SQUARE.



If the sea and half the European continent had to be crossed before one could see the flower market at Union square the distance would be cheerfully traversed and the end considered quite as justifying the journey. But as one merely has to be down at Seventeenth street betimes, comparatively few people know from experience the charms of the place. By the time the average business man and

shopping woman come downtown there is scarcely so much as a bruised fuchsia or a broken pansy to tell the tale of the early morning doral activity.

The flower dealers come with their carts heaped with the potted plants. A blaze of crimson, great, gleaming masses of gold, and dusky patches of purple, come from the suburban florists early in the morning. The wares are quickly unloaded. The sidewalks are heaped with the glow-

ing, fragrant plants. The rustic-looking men and women (for there are women among the flower-growers) arrange their wares as effectively as may be. The buyers thread their ways among the little red pots and barter their coin for geraniums and hyacinths. Many of the customers are keepers of small floral establishments, and many more are thrifty, flower-loving housewives, who prefer to buy their plants where they are cheapest and freshest. The vendors are the most obliging people

in the world. For your dime or your quarter you can buy not only the growing bunch of color and fragrance, but boundless information on the subject of horticulture. What plants need sunlight; what plants thrive in the shade; which demand much moisture and which will flourish in dry soil—all this lore is purchasable with a plant.

For windows the wise florists of the square advise boxes fitted to the ledge and fastened there so firmly that blasts will

not dislodge them. The boxes should have broken stones, pebbles and bits of glass for the first layer. This will serve as a drain for the moisture. Over that a rich soil should be spread to the depth of six or eight inches.

For windows which have not a sunny exposure ferns are admirable. They need a great deal of moisture, but they do not require much light. The hardier varieties need very little attention. Other plants which have the agreeable faculty of grow-

ing and blossoming without pampering are panicles, geraniums and mignonette. They are all hardy. A box of panicles varying in color from butter yellow to brown and purplish black is in itself enough adornment for any window. Mignonette needs to be combined with brilliant-hued flowers to make a showing, but it is one of the best plants for universal uses because of its sweetness. Planted in a box with feathery forget-me-nots it is charming. Heliotrope grows readily, but it requires

a sunny exposure. It, too, should be used in conjunction with some brilliant plant, to give a vivid color to the box. Fuchsias, roses, hyacinths and the like need rather too much care for a window box. They require carefully moderated temperature, and that means a hothouse in this climate. But the simpler plants are quite as effective. Some swift-growing, drooping vine should be planted near the edge of the box to hang over and give delicacy to the whole.

TRAINED NURSERY MAIDS.

The Colored Mammy and the French Bonne Have Both Been Superseded.

Scientific Training Is Now Held as Essential to the Care of Infants and to the Nursing of the Sick.

No properly regulated family with the slightest regard for Mrs. Grundy thinks of taking the responsibility of a baby without having first made arrangements for a properly trained and certificated nursery maid. The colored mammy and the French bonne are alike out of date.

Caring for the physical welfare of the baby has become almost a profession, and a trained nursery maid has almost as much consideration and as many privileges as the trained nurse or the nursery governess. The notion that a course of systematic training would be an excellent thing for nursery maids and a good thing for babies and their mothers was first put into practical shape at the Babies' Hospital, under the direction of Mrs. Robert W. Chapin, nearly seven years ago. Sixty-four nurses have been graduated since, and most of them are caring for the heirs and heiresses of Fifth and Madison avenue families.

Each year the classes are enlarged and in the year the training is more thorough. At season twenty young women were graduated, and, in addition to the various things which their predecessors were taught, they were given a course in the rudiments of kindergarten teaching. A fund is being raised for a separate building for the training school, which will give pleasant quarters for the students and better opportunities for studying the theoretical side of caring for babies. As things are now the nurses live at the Babies' Hospital, Fifty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, seven or eight months in the year and spend the rest of their time with their patients at the country branch at Oceanic, N. J.

Admission to this training school for

nursery maids is almost as difficult as to a hospital training school for nurses. First the applicant must see Miss Marianna Wheeler, the superintendent, who manages by a few tactful questions to get at the prospective pupil's whole life history. If she's a girl of American birth, of fair intelligence and a good common school education; if her health is perfect, and if she has always lived at home and this is her first attempt at wage earning, she will come very near Miss Wheeler's ideal of a child's nurse.

No one under twenty or over thirty years is received. The course of instruction covers six months, during which the student must do a certain amount of reading on nursery topics, listen to a prescribed number of lectures by physicians and the superintendent, who is a trained nurse, besides taking care of the babies and thereby gaining the most practical kind of knowledge. The schedule of instruction includes, first, the feeding of babies, the care of milk, milk sterilization, care of bottles, preparation of food, with rules as to frequency and quantity. Then baths—the plain morning bath for all babies, and hot, cold and mustard baths as used in cases of illness. Hygiene of the skin and nursery hygiene, including ventilation, temperature, care of napkins, general cleanliness, the training of children in proper bodily habits; simple nursery remedies in case of emergencies, the rudiments of kindergarten work, the making of polettes, oilskin jackets, and other things necessary in sickness, complete the list.

At the end of the six months of service in the hospital the nursery maids are put through an examination. If they pass satisfactorily they are found places in private families at \$20 a month for the first year. There is no difficulty about finding places. In fact, if there were ten times as many graduates employment could readily be found for them. At the employment bureau connected with the Young Women's Christian Association the secretary reports a constant demand for trained nursery maids at from \$20 to \$35 a month. A trained nursery maid must not be contented with the consistency of cake batter. She must be quick and serve immediately.

neither seamstress nor chambermaid, but she can take the baby after his first fortnight and feed and clothe and bathe and amuse him after approved scientific methods.

The day nurseries are the latest to take up the work. At the Lisa Day Nursery, in West Twentieth street, one class has already been graduated. The course of training extends over a year. The students live at the nursery and are obliged to conform to certain rules laid down by the matron. Their hours of work are the same as at the Babies' Hospital, except that they have no night work—such as is required at the hospital. Most of their charges, too, are well babies instead of sick ones. Students are at perfect liberty in the evenings, except that they are expected to be in the nursery at 10 o'clock. Two evenings each week they may remain out later. Attendance at lectures and talks by a physician and a trained nurse and a certain amount of reading are required. Nurses furnish their own uniforms, consisting of a blue and white striped gown, white apron, cuffs, collar and cap. The uniform is intended as a badge of competency, showing the school from which they have been graduated, and they are expected to wear it while at work in private families. In addition to their training, board and lodging the nurses at the Lisa receive \$10 a month. Having passed an examination and received a diploma, they have no difficulty in securing places in private families at \$20 a month for the first year and \$25 for the second. In some cases, where a child is in delicate health and needs a great deal of sick nursing, or where a nurse has two or three small children to care for, she receives higher wages.

SOUTHERN MUFFINS.

Have you ever eaten a Southern muffin? If not, try this: One and one-half cups of milk, two eggs, half a tea cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one and one-half tablespoonful of baking powder, a little salt, four to five cups of cake batter. Bake quickly and serve immediately.

PENELOPE'S PARASOL.

Relating the Sad Experience of the Girl Who Tried to be Impressive.

There was a look of deep gloom on Penelope's face.

"No," said she in answer to Priscilla's question, "I am not going to buy one of those organdie waists. And I may add that I shall not be able to afford the new style of open-work slippers."

"Has your father failed?" inquired Priscilla sympathetically.

"No; but I have failed miserably. It's all the fault of that hideous new rector of yours. I never believed much in ministers any way, and now I hate them."

"You ought to know better than to try to win ministerial favor by giving up your Summer dress allowance to the clergy. It impresses them at the time, but in July one granadine frock is more potent than three checks for the heathen," remarked Priscilla sententiously.

"I haven't given a single check for the heathen," said Penelope, hastily disclaiming the sacrifice. "It was this way. I took a walk with your tiresome friend the other day. We wandered down Fifth avenue, and he talked about the beauty of the budding Spring and all that. I wonder how they do it, don't you. But I answered in the same lovely spirit—it's easy when you've a good memory and learned lots of poetry at school—and we were having a lovely, soulful time. He told me how he despised girls that cared only for appearances, and how he appreciated real worth and solid dignity. I couldn't for the life of me tell whether he was rebuking me or whether he was deceived in regard to my disposition. I agreed with everything he said, though, and even excelled him in my contempt for the frothily frivolous society girl. And suddenly, when we were about Twenty-third street, it began to rain—gently, you know. I had on my \$23 Spring confection."

"Oh, Pen!"

"Yes, but I said alacly that I rather enjoyed a little drizzle, and the chiffon simply wilted when it heard me. But by the time we had gone a square or two further it was pouring, so we stopped in one of

the shops to get an umbrella. I said I needed one, which was true. Well, my dear, in my anxiety to show how solidly sensible I was I examined the springs and the silk severely, but neglected to observe the handle. I am sure that that must have impressed him. I usually choose my parasols by the handle, don't you?"

"Yes," agreed Priscilla. "Whenever it rains or I need an umbrella for use I take mamma's, of course; so mine has only to be pretty."

"Of course. But you see how I was placed. I bought the sensible old thing, and we sallied forth into the storm again, and after the umbrella had been streaked and soaked with rain we got in a car. And when we both glanced simultaneously down at that umbrella what do you think the handle was?"

"I can't guess. What?"

"It was a Dresden ball, painted with a Cupid and Psyche, my dear Priscilla. It made me feel like a walking advertisement for liv—I mean tableaux vivants. And that wretch who had caused it all simply said: 'Why, what strange taste for an umbrella handle! Do you often carry an art gallery about with you, Miss Penelope?' And they went like that back at the store because it has been used. So that I'm out a \$23 bouret, an \$8 umbrella, to say nothing of the high regard of a minister. That's why I'll have to new organdie waist, my dear."

FROU-FROU.

The decorations of Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer's dinner table are always elegant and unique. The piece de resistance is often a white silk cover, embroidered in gold and at least fifty beaute incostante roses.

It is the grace of the American girl that catches the fancy of Lord Glauville after he has been brought up and bored to death in the icy atmosphere of the Lady Maude.

Mrs. Henry Sloane is one of the pretty and fortunate women in town who possess a coronet of diamonds.

Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, who is always very chic and Frenchy in her attire, has all her skirts lined with white silk, which is the latest costly fad in skirtdom.

SHE CONVERTED DIAZ.

The American Girl Who Brought Him Into the Church.

If it had not been for Miss Alice Tucker, the Rev. Mr. Diaz would probably not have been subjected to his recent unpleasant experience in Cuba. For it was to Miss Tucker that the Rev. Mr. Diaz owed the conversion to those religious views which are reported to have made him a person not pleasing to the Spanish authorities in Cuba.

When Mr. Diaz was a young man he came to America and stopped at a Brooklyn hotel. The balmy climate of Brooklyn did not agree with him, and he fell ill of pneumonia. In the same hotel lived Miss Alice Tucker. When she heard that a friendless young man lay dying and that he was not only alone, but without religion, she armed herself with a Testament and went to read with him quite unmindful of the fact that he could not understand her. After her purpose had been explained to him, he became sufficiently interested in it to buy a Spanish Testament, and to read it. From this time his conversion to evangelical Christianity was dated.

MORE OR LESS ABOUT WOMEN.

An argument against the much-talked-of marriage with a deceased wife's sister Bill is that women will want a deceased husband's brother Bill. This, however, is an unnecessarily gloomy foreboding; men are the only human beings who never realize until too late that they can have too much of a good thing. There is not the least fear of any woman ever wishing to marry another man from the same family!

A most charming and delightful boudoir is that of a maiden whose family is well known in the world of fashion. It is called the wisteria room from the wealth of pale, purple flowers decorating the walls and woven into curtains and through the mesh of the tulok carpet, and from the fact that all the furniture is upholstered in a silk of a warm shade of heliotrope.

Very pathetic was the description of her husband's tomb, given to an intimate friend by the late Lady Burton. He was buried

in Mortlake, and now she, too, rests in the same spot. "I have chosen my ground," she said; "I'll by 9 feet. This is to be covered by a stone Arch tomb. In the tent, above ground, are to be two slabs to hold two coffins. Let me have a little place by his side, and room for a small altar at the head. He is embalmed, and I shall be, so there is no danger to health. Outside the tent, above the flap curtain which serves as door, will be a marble crucifix; under it a 'Book of Life,' on one side his name and death recorded, the other page blank for me."

One of the most interesting curios at the loan exhibit of historical relics now on view and gotten up by the Daughters of the American Revolution is a bracelet. It is loaned by Mrs. Story and belonged to her great-aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter-Bench, to whom it was presented by Queen Isabella of Spain, to show her appreciation of the poem "Pelayo," founded on a Spanish legend, and written by Mrs. Porter-Bench. The bracelet is a wide gold band, set with a large Oriental topaz; in the centre is the Queen's monogram, surmounted by the royal crown. This bracelet was always worn by Mrs. Porter-Bench, but except upon gala occasions, with its story somewhat dimmed, as the owner took care to keep the jewelled part wrapped about with fine tissue paper.

A PICTURESQUE OCCASION.

The Japanese are essentially picturesque. The last evidence of the fact is borne home to us through their method of launching a ship. The utmost that Americans and English have essayed to do is to break a bottle of wine over the bows. With true poetry, the Japanese make something very different of the event. Recently the Fuji was launched at Blackwall, and Mme. Raito, wife of the Japanese Minister, was chosen for the honor. At the appointed hour a silver knife was put into her hand, and with it she cut the cord of twisted red and white silk that held the vessel in check. At the moment a cage-like structure that hung over the bows opened to let forth a number of pigeons, and with them a cloud of paper squares, showing the national colors. As they fell some sprinkled the bows and some clung to the sides, covering her, so to speak, with the emblem for which she is to do battle.